THE GOLDEN CALF,

Which the

WORLD

ADORES, and DESIRES:

In which is handled

The most Rare and Incomparable Wonder of Nature, in Transmuting METALS;

VIZ.

How the intire Substance of Lead, was in one Moment Transmuted into Gold-Obrizon, with an exceeding small particle of the true Philosophick Stone.

At the *Hague.* In the Year 1666.

Written in Latin by John Frederick Helvetius, *Doctor and Practitioner of Medicine at the* Hague, *and faithfully Englished.*

London, Printed for *John Starkey* at the *Mitre* in *Fleetstreet* near *Temple-Barr*, 1670.

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To the most Excellent

D. *THEODORUS KETJES*,

by his many Peregrinations, a most famous Phisician, and an happy Practitioner of Medicine at *Amsterdam*, One of my Intimate Friends.

ALSO,

To the most Noble, most Excellent, and most Experienc'd, and Accurate Searchers into the Vulcanian Anatomy,

D. *JOHN CASPARUS FAUSIUS*, Counsellor, and Chief Physician of the most Serene Elector Palatine of *HEIDELBERG*.

AND

D. *CHRISTIAN MENTZELIUS*, Principal Physician in the Court of the most Serene Elector of *BRANDENBURG*:

My Reverend Patrons, and Intire Friends.

The Epiſtle DEDICATORY:

Moſt Noble, moſt Excellent, moſt Expert, and moſt Accurate Inſpectors of the *Vulcanian Anatomy*, and my moſt real FRIENDS.

ALthough I neither was willing, nor able to be wanting to my honoured Friends, yet would not I divulge and bring to light the Verity of the Spagirick Art, *but by this moſt precious, and Miraculous* Arcanum, *which I not only ſaw with theſe Eyes, but taking a little of the tranſmutatory powder, I my ſelf alſo tranſmuted an Impure Maſs of Lead volatile in the Fire, into fixed Gold, conſtantly ſuſtaining every Examen of Fire: in ſuch wiſe, as henceforth it can no more be ſuſpected by any Man, no not*

by

by thoſe, who unto this day have perſwaded themſelves and others, that this Arcanum *is given to no man: but contrarily we were fully and indubitately perſwaded, that, in things of Nature, The* Mercury *of Philoſophers is* Primo-material, *and is like a Fountain overflowing with wonderfull Effects, and thoſe eſcaping every acuteneſs, and Light of Human reprehenſible Reaſon, as ſhall be evidenced in this my little Work: which I was willing to dedicate and conſecrate to you, my Primary Patrons, as to moſt prudent Maſters, and Defenders. Yet in the mean while, I pray conſider, that I have not writ to the end I would teach any one, that Art, which I my ſelf know not, but only that I might recite the true Proceſs of this* Arcanum. *For, what can more confirm, and Patronize Verity, then the true Light of Truth it ſelf? It is the property of Brute Animals to*

paſs their Life in Silence, and eſpecially not to heed thoſe things in them, which do moſt of all look to, and are required for the propagation of the Glory of the moſt Wiſe, and moſt powerful GOD our Creator. Wherefore, ſince it is a thing unworthy, and to the Divine Majeſty ungrateful, for Man, who ſhould be a Conſort of the Divine Nature, to wax brutiſh with Brutes, I preſent to you, my moſt faithful Friends, and Patrons of this Science, this moſt rare Hiſtory; having as time, and my Ability would permit, recollected all things, and here faithfully commemorated them. Therefore, omitting all paints, and flouriſhes of Rhetorical Expreſſions, I will forthwith betake my ſelf to the diſcovery of all, whatſoever I both ſaw, and heard from Elias the Artiſt touching this. For truly, I was not ſo intimately familiar with him, as that he ſhould inſtruct me in the way of

pre-

preparing the Univerſal Medicine, after the Method of Phyſico-artificial Chimiſtry: yet he ſupplyed me with ſuch Reaſons in the Method of Healing, as I ſhall never be able to commend his worth with condigne Praiſes. Therefore, moſt curious Favourers, and true Lovers of the Chimical Art, accept of this little work, as a mean Gift, or if you had rather, peruſe it only for recreation of the mind: for in it I ſhall relate all things whatſoever, that were diſcourſed of between him and me, at ſeveral times: humbly requeſting, that with the ſame benevolence you have received other of my ſmall Treatiſes, you would alſo accept of this Novel, which I freely dedicate, and officiouſly give to you, for a motion, and increaſe of Admiration. Farewel, avete, favete.

Your moſt humble

John Fredrick Helvetius.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

CHAP. I.

Most Excellent, and Prudent Sirs.

Before I enter upon the Description of the Philosophick PIGMY, (*in this little Theatre of Secrets*) *overcoming and subduing* GIANTS, *I pray permit me here to use the words of* Vanhelmont, *taken out of his Book* De Arbore Vitæ, fol. 630. *and here Transcribed.*

I Am compelled to believe, that there is an Aurifick, and Argentick Stone. But (Friend of the

Spagyrick Art) I am not ignorant, that many have been found among the moſt wiſe, yea among the exquiſite *Chimiſts*, who have not only conſumed their own Goods, but the Goods of others alſo, in this *Great Vulcanick* Secret, as Experience even at this very day ſufficiently proves. For we have ſeen, the more is the pity! how unwary *Chimiſts*, yea ſuch as are more worthy, than thoſe who are called *Alchimiſts*; how, I ſay, they, labouring ſimply, are daily deluded with Guile of this kind, by *Diabolick*, *Auriſick*, and *Argentick* Suckgoods. Alſo I know, that many Stupid Men will riſe up, and contradict the truth of my true Experience, touching the Philoſophick Stone. One will have it to be a work of the Devil; another affirms there is no ſuch thing; a third ſaith it is the Soul of Gold

only

only, and that with an Ounce of that Gold, an Ounce of Lead, and no more may be again tinged: but this is repugnant to the Atteſtation of *Kifflerus*, as I ſhall briefly commemorate; a fourth believes the Verity and Poſſibility thereof, but ſaith it is ſo chargeable, as it will never quit Coſt; with many other like Allegations. Yet I wonder not at this, for according to this Saying,

Quorum rationem non intelligimus, miramur,
Quæ vero pernoſcere volupe eſt, rimamur.

What we cannot attain to, we admire,
But what to know is pleaſing, do deſire.

How can a Man, fallen from the Foun-

Fountain of Light, into the Abyſs of Darkneſs, effect any thing to purpoſe, in Natural things, eſpecially when his Wiſdome in this natural Philoſophick Study is barren and ſophiſticate? It is, for the moſt part, proper to theſe Fools and unapt men, preſently to contemn a thing, not knowing, that more are yet to be ſought by them, than they have the poſſeſſion of. Therefore, rightly ſaith *Seneca*, in lib. de Moribus: *Thou art not yet happy, if the Rout deride thee not.* But I matter not, whether they believe, or contradict what I write, touching the Tranſmutation of Metals. I reſt ſatisfied in this one thing, which with my eyes I have ſeen, and what with my hands I have done. For what Philoſophers ſay of themſelves, I alſo have with my hands handled this Spark of the Eternal Wiſdome, or this Saturnine

nine Catholick *Magneſia* of Philoſophers, a Fire of potency ſufficient to penetrate Stones, yea, a Treaſure of ſo great value, as 20 Tun of Gold cannot exceed the price thereof. What ſeek you? I believe what I have ſeen with the eyes of *Thomas*, and handled as he, (but in the nature of things only) as well as the Adept Philoſophers; although in this our decrepit age of the world, That be accounted a moſt Secret Hyperphyſico-magical *Saturn*, and not known, unleſs to ſome Cabaliſtick Chriſtian only. We judge him the moſt happy of all Phyſicians, who hath the knowledge of this pleaſant Medicinal potion of our *Mercury*, or of the Medicine of the Son of our *Eſculapius*, reſiſting the force of death, againſt which there is no *Panacea* otherwiſe produced in Gardens. Moreover, the moſt wiſe GOD doth

doth not reveal his Gifts of *Solomon* promiſcuouſly to all Mortals. They indeed ſeem ſtrange to them, when they behold a Creature, from the occult Magnetick potency incited init ſelf, deduced into art by its own like; as for Example: In Iron is a Magnetick, ingenited, potential virtue from the Magnet: a Magnetick virtue in Gold from *Mercury*: a Magnetick virtue in Silver from *Venus*, or Copper: and ſo conſequently in all Metals, Minerals, and Stones, Herbs, and Plants, *&c.*

Moreover, I may properly quæry, which of the wiſeſt Philoſophers is ſo Sage, as to be able to comprehend with the acuteneſs of his own moſt dextrous ingeny, with what Obumbracle the Imaginative, Tinging, Venemons, or Monſtrous Faculty of any pregnant Woman, compleats its work

in

in one Moment, if it be deduced into art by ſome External Object?

I do aſſuredly believe, that very many will fooliſhly ſay, that this is a Mortomagical Work of the Devil; but the Doltiſh and Ignorant are affraid to be out-ſhined by the true reſplendent Light of Verity, with which their Owl-like Sight is troubled, and afflicted.

Alſo the Stars are a cauſe of what we treat of, and this cauſe is not to be contemned, although I, nor you, know not how to comprehend the Celeſtial Influences of them in our mind. Nor are the Plants, which the Earth ſupplies us with, to be rejected, although I, or you, from the External Signature of them, know not how to judge aright of the Effect of Virtues ingenited in them, which they notoriouſly exerciſe, according

ing to their power, in healing and conſerving Humane bodies. Therefore, ſince all others are alſo offended at the Internal Light, being ignorant of all abſtruſe things, of which you, or I, want the Science, how can the ſame Virtues be deduced into art, according to the end for which they were created? A thouſand other-like things might be inſtanced. Although you know not the Splendour in Angels, the Candour in the Heavens, the Perſpicuity in the Air, Limpitude in Waters, the variety of Colours in Flowers, hardneſs of Metals and Stones, Proportion in Animals, the Image of GOD in regenerate Men, Faith in Believers, and Reaſon in the Soul; yet in them there is ſuch a beauty, as hath been throughly beheld, and fully known by very few Mortals.

Al-

Although in the Stone of Philoſophers there be ſo potent a virtue, and the ſame hath been ſeen by me, yet I would not therefore have any man to think, that my primary Scope, and intention, is to perſwade the worthy, or unworthy Sons of this Age, to labour in this work, no, not at all: but I ſhall rather dehort all, and every of the curious Indagators of this Art, that they ſeriouſly abſtain from this moſt perilous *Arcanum*, as from a certain *Sanctum Sanctorum*; yea, and I would admoniſh the Studious of this *Arcanum*, accurately to take heed to himſelf, and beware of the Lectures, and Aſſociation of falſe Philoſophers. But I hope I ſhall ſatisfie the curious Naturaliſts, or inveſtigators of Phiſical *Arcanums*, by communicating and publiſhing in this preſent Diſcourſe, all which

which paſſed between *Elias the Artiſt*, and Me, touching the Nature of the Stone of Philoſophers. For that is an *Ens* more Effulgent than the Morning, or a Carbuncle: more ſplendid, than the Sun, or Gold: more fair, than the Moon, or Silver: ſo very Recreable, and Amiable, was the ſight of this Light, and moſt pleaſing Object to me, as out of my inward Mind, it cannot be obliterated, or extinguiſhed by any Oblivion; although the ſame be credited by none of the fatuate Learned, or illiterate ignorant Aſſes, and ſuch as glory only in the praiſe of ambitious Eloquence. For in this malignant ulcerated age of the world, nothing is ſo ſafe and ſecure from Calumnies, but it is taken in a wrong Senſe, and perverted unworthily by the Idiotick Ignorance of madbrain'd *Cacozelots*. So very farr

do

do all these dark-sighted men deviate from the true rule of Verity, as in success of time, they, intangled with their own Errors, will miserably wast away and expire; but our Assertion, built on the Eternal Foundation of Triumphing Verity, shall continue and remain, unto the Consummation of all ages, without diminution, although this art be not yet known to all Mortals. For the *Adept Philosophers*, according to the antient Faith of their experience, have affirmed, that this Natural Mystery (which many anxious men have sinistrously sought, and required) is only to be found with *Jehovah*, Saturninely placed in the Centre of the World. In the mean while, we proclaim those happy, who take care, by the help of art, how they may wash this Philosophick Queen, or how they ought

ought to circulate the Virgin-Catholick-Earth, in Phyſico-Magical Cryſtalline Artifice, as *Khunradus* did; they only, and none others beſides them, ſhall ſee the Crowned, and internally fiery King of Philoſophers, coming forth from his Glaſſy Sepulchre, in an external fiery Body glorified, more then perfect with all the Colours in the world, as a ſhining Carbuncle, or perſpicuous, compact and ponderous Cryſtal, a Salamander Spewing out Waters, and by the benefit thereof in the Fire waſhing Leprous Metals, as I my ſelf have ſeen. What? How ſhall they ſee the *Abyſs* of the Spagyrick Art? whenas this Royal Art hath ſo long lain hid, and been abſconded in the Mineral Kingdom, as in the Safeſt of all Secret places, for ſo very many years? Aſſuredly the Genuine Sons of this Laudable Art, ſhall not

not only behold a like Flood of *Numicius*, in which *Æneas* heretofore, by the command of *Venus*, waſhed and abſolved from his Immortality, was immediatly tranſformed into an immortal God; but alſo the *Lydian* River of *Pactolus* all tranſmuted into Gold, and how *Midas Mygdonius* waſhed himſelf in the ſame. Likewiſe thoſe candid Rivals of this Art, ſhall in a ſerious order behold the Bathing-place of naked *Diana*, the Fountain of *Narciſſus*, and *Scylla* walking in the Sea, without garments, by reaſon of the moſt fervent Rayes of *Sol*: partly alſo the Blood of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, of it ſelf collected, by the help of which, white Mulberries are tinged into Red; partly alſo the Blood of *Adonis*, by the deſcending Goddeſs *Venus* transformed into a Roſe of *Anemona*; partly likewiſe the Blood of *Ajax*, from which

which aroſe that moſt beautiful flower the Violet; partly alſo the Blood of the *Giants* ſlain by *Jupiters* thunder-bolt; partly alſo the Shed Tears of *Althea*, when ſhe put off her Golden Veſtments; and partly the Drops, which fell from the decocted Water of *Medea*, by which green things immediatly ſprang out of the Earth; partly alſo the cocted Potion of *Medea*, made of various Herbs, gathered always three dayes before full Moon, for the cure of *Jaſons* aged Father; partly alſo thoſe Leaves, by the taſt of which, the nature of *Glaucus*, was changed into *Neptune*; partly alſo the Expreſt Juice of *Jaſon*, by the benefit of which, he, in the Land of *Cholcons*, received the Golden Fleece, afterward by reaſon of that, compleatly armed, he fought in the Feild of *Mars*, not without the hazard of Life; partly alſo

alſo the Garden of the *Heſperides*, where Golden Apples may be gathered from the Trees; partly alſo *Hippomenes* running for the Maſtery with *Atalanta*, and ſtaying her Courſe, and ſo overcoming her with three Golden Apples, the Gifts of *Venus*; partly alſo the *Aurora* of *Cephalus*, partly alſo *Romulus* tranſformed by *Jupiter* into a *God*; partly alſo the Soul of *Julius Cæſar*, by the Goddeſs *Venus*, transfigured into a Comet, and placed among the Stars; partly alſo *Python*, *Juno's* Serpent, ariſing out of the putrid Earth (after *Deucalions* Flood) made hot by the Rayes of the Sun; partly alſo the Fire, with which *Medea* kindled ſeven Lights; partly alſo the Moon, inflamed by the burning of *Phaeton*; partly alſo the Withered Olive Branch, a new flouriſhing and bearing Fruit; yea, becoming a new, and tender

Olive

Olive Tree; partly alſo *Arcadia*, where *Jupiter* was wont to walk; partly alſo the Habitation of *Pluto*, at the Gate whereof lay the Three-headed *Cerberus*; & alſo partly that Mountain, where *Hercules* burned all his Members, received from the Mother, upon Wood, but the Parts of the Father remained Fixed, and incombuſtible in Fire, and nothing of his Life was deſtroyed, but he, at length, was tranſmuted into a God. Likewiſe we will not forget thoſe *Germans*, the Sons of true Philoſophers, who entred into a Country-houſe, at length transformed into a Temple, whoſe Covering was made of pure Gold. Certainly, I cannot chooſe, but muſt yet once more with acclamation, ſay with the *Adept*: O happy, and thrice happy is that Artificer, who by the moſt merciful benediction of the higheſt *Jehovah*, purſues the Art of

Con-

Confecting, and preparing that (as it were, Divine) Salt, by the Efficacious Operation of which, a Metallick, or Mineral body, is corrupted, deſtroyed, and dyes; yet the Soul thereof is in the mean while revived, to a glorious Reſurrection of a Philoſophick Body. Yea, I ſay, moſt happy is the Son of that man, who, by his prayers, obtains this Art of Arts, unto the glory of GOD. For it is moſt certain, that this Myſtery can be known no other way, unleſs it be drawn and imbibed from GOD, the Fountain of Fountains. Therefore, let every ſerious Lover of this ineſtimable Art judge, that the whole work of him required, is, that he conſtantly, with the prayer of true faith, in all his labour, implore and ſolicite the Divine Grace of the Holy Spirit. For the ſolemn manner of GOD alone is,

candidly and liberally, either mediately or immediately, to communicate his gifts and benefits, to none, unless to candid and liberal Ingenies only. In this holy way of practical Piety, all Inquisitors of profound Arts, find what they seek, when they, in their work, exercise themselves Theosophically by solitary Colloquies with *Jehovah*, with a pure Heart and Mouth, religiously. For the Heavenly *Sophia*, indeed, willingly embraces our friendship, presenting, and offering to us, her inexhaustible Rivolets, most full of gracious goodness and benevolence. But, happy is he, to whom the Royal way, in which he is to walk, shall be shown by some One expert in this *Arcanum*.

I seem to presage to my self, that I have not equally satisfied all Readers in this Preface; but it is, as

if

if I did presume to teach them an Art, unknown to my self; yet I hope better of the greatest part of them. For my intention was, only to relate to you a certain History. Therefore, Drink, my Friends, of the following Dialogue, or Springing Colloquy, presented by me, wishing you well, that thence you may satisfie, and allay all the Thirst of your Thirsting Minds: for I doubt not in the least, but that this Study of Divine Wisdome, will be more sweet to you, than *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. No other will I communicate, no other have I common, then that of *Jul. Cæs. Scaliger: The End of Wisemen, is the Communication of Wisdome*: according to that of *Gregory Nyssen*: *He who is Good in Nature, the same very willingly communicates his Goods to others.* For it is the part of good Men, to be profitable to others.

CHAP. II.

DIvers Illuſtrious Men have written touching the Verity of this *Arcanum*, among theſe, take the Sayings of ſome of them, as follows.

PARACELSUS

In his Book *Of the Signature of Natural things.*

The Tincture of Naturaliſts, is a true ſign, that by the tranſmutative virtue thereof, all imperfect Metals are changed, *viz.* the White into Silver, and the Red into the beſt Gold, if an exceeding ſmall part of this Medicine well prepared, be injected upon the Metal, while in flux in a Crucible, *&c.*

The

The ſame.

For the invincible *Aſtrum* of Metals overcomes all things, and changeth into a Nature like it ſelf, *&c.* This Gold and Silver is more noble, and better, than thoſe, which are dug out of Metallick Mines; for Medicinal *Arcanums* to be prepared therefrom.

The ſame.

Therefore, I ſay: every Alchimiſt, which hath the *Aſtrum* of Gold, is able to tinge all Red Metals into Gold, *&c.*

The ſame.

Our Tincture of Gold hath *Aſtrums* in it ſelf, is a Subſtance moſt fixed, and in multiplication

immutable. It is a Powder, haveing a colour moſt red, almoſt like Saffron, yet its whole Corporal Subſtance, is liquid as Roſin, perſpicuous as Cryſtal, brittle as Claſs, of the colour of a Rubie, and exceeding ponderous, *&c.*

Alſo read *Paracelſus* his *Heaven of Philoſopers.*

Likewiſe, *Paracelſus* his Seventh Book, *Of the Tranſmutation of Natural things.*

Tranſmutation is a great natural Myſtery, Metallick, and not contrary to the Courſe of Nature, nor repugnant to the Order of GOD, as many men of it do falſly judge. For imperfect Metals, are changed neither into Gold, nor into Silver, without this Stone of Philoſophers.

Para-

Paracelsus, in his *Manual of the Medicinal Stone of Philosophers.*

Our Stone is a Celestial, and more than perfect Medicine, because it cleanseth all the impurities of Metals, *&c.*

HENRY KHUNRADUS
In his *Amphitheatre of Eternal Sapience.*

I travelled long, invited others, who knew somewhat by experience, and could with very firm judgement conjecture; and this not alwayes in vain. Among which, I call *God* to witness, by his wonderful ordination, I, from one, received the Green Catholick *Lyon*, and the *Blood* of the *Lyon*, viz. *Gold*, not the Vulgar, but of *Philosophers*, with my Eyes I saw

the ſame, with my hands, I handled it, and with my Noſtrils, ſmelt the odour thereof. O how wonderful is *God* in his Works! They, I ſay, gave thoſe Gifts prepared, which I in moſt deſperate Caſes, uſed with admirable ſucceſs to the benefit of my needy Neighbour. And (by Inſtinct of *Jehovah's* mercy) they ſincerely revealed to me, the wayes of preparing, *&c.*

The ſame.

This wonderful Method, the wonderful *God* gave me. In this way, in which I walked, *God* alone, I ſay, immediately, and mediately; yet ſubdelegately, Nature, Fire, and Art, of my Maſter, as well living as mute, corporally, and ſpiritually good, ſleeping and waking, gave the ſame to me, *&c.*

The

The ſame.

I write not Fables; with your hands you ſhall handle, and with your eyes you ſhall ſee *Azoth*, viz. the Catholick [or Univerſal] *Mercury* of Philoſophers; which alone, with the Internal and External Fire, yet with Sympathetick Harmony, with Olympick Fire (by reaſon of inevitable neceſſity) Phyſico-magically united, will ſuffice thee for obtaining our Stone, *&c.*

The ſame.

You ſhall ſee, the Stone of *Philoſopers*, our *King*, and *Lord* of thoſe that bare rule, coming from his Bridal Throne of the Glaſſy Sepulchre, into this Mundane Scene, in his glorified body, *viz.* regene-

rate, and more then perfect: namely, a ſhining Carbuncle, a moſt temperate Splendour; and of which, the moſt Subtile, and Depurated parts, are by the concordant peace of Mixtion, inſeparably united into One, and perfectly equallized, clear as Cryſtal, compact, and moſt ponderous, as fluid in fire, as Roſin, and before the flight of *Mercury*, as Wax flowing, yet without fume; entring, and penetrating, ſolid and cloſe bodies, as Oyl, Paper; reſolvable in every Liquor, melting, and commiſcible therewith; brittle as Glaſs, in Powder, of the colour of Saffron, but in the intire Maſs, like a bluſhing Rubie; (which Redneſs is a ſign of perfect Fixation, and fixed Perfection) permanently Colouring, or Tinging; in all Examens whatſoever, even of Sulphur aduſtive, and

in

in Tryals of corroding Waters, and in the most vehement persecution of Fire, fixed, alwayes during, and unburnable; permanent as the Salamander, *&c.*

The same.

The Stone of Philosophers in the greater World, is in the parts thereof, fermented; by reason of the Ferment, it transforms it self into whatsoever it will. *&c.* Hence you may learn the reason, why Philosophers on their *Azoth* imposed the name of *Mercury*, which adheres to bodies, *&c.*

The same.

It is fermented with Metals, *viz.* the White existant in the highest Whiteness, with pure Silver for the White: but the Sanguineous

Stone,

Stone, with Gold Obrizon for the Red. And this is the Work of three dayes, *&c.*

HELMONT, Of Eternal Life.

For I have oftentimes ſeen it, and with my hands handled the ſame, *&c.* See in the ſame place further. Then I projected this quarter of one Grane, wrapt up in Paper, upon eight Ounces of Argentvive, hot in a Crucible, and immediately the whole Hydrargyry, with ſome little noiſe ſeaced to flow, and remained congealed like yellow Wax: after fuſion thereof, by blowing the bellows, there were found eight Ounces of Gold, wanting eleven Granes. Therefore, one Grane of this Powder, tranſmutes 19186 equal parts of Argentvive, into the beſt Gold.

Within

Within the Earth, the aforesaid Powder is found, or what is in a sort like thereunto, which transmutes almost an infinite Mass of impure Metal into perfect Gold, by uniting the same to it self, it defends from Rust, and Ærugo, from Cankring, and Death, and maketh the same, as it were, immortal, against all torture of Fire, and Art, and transfers it into the Virgin-purity of Gold: it requires only heat.

The same Helmont, *Of the Tree of Life.*

I am compelled to believe the Aurifick, and Argentifick Stone; because at several distinct times, I, with my own hand, made projection of one Grane of this Powder, upon some thousands of Granes of Argentvive hot in a Crucible; and

in

in the preſence of our principal friends, the buſineſs, with a pleaſing admiration, ſucceeded well in the Fire: as our books promiſe Thee, *&c.*

The ſame.

He, who firſt gave me the Powder, had at leaſt, ſo much thereof, as would be ſufficient for tranſmuting two hundred thouſand pound weight of Metal, into Gold, *&c.*

The ſame.

For he gave to me not ſo much as half a grane of that Powder, and with that were tranſmuted nine ounces, and three quarters of an ounce of Argentvive. That was given me one Evening by a ſtrange Friend, *&c.*

The

The same

So also it is written, that sixty years since, *Alexander Scotus*, made projection of that kinde, in the most famous City of *Colonia*, and *Hanovia*, *&c.*

I cannot in this place over-pass, some Examples worthy of note, touching the possibility of Transmutation.

Read the following true Extract, out of an Epistle written by Doctor *Kufflerus*.

Kufflerus: At first, I found in my own Laboratory, an *Aqua-fortis*. Secondly, I again found an other in the Laboratory, *Caroli de Roy*; this *Aqua-fortis* I poured upon the Calx of *Sol*, prepared of Gold, in the Vulgar manner, and after the third Cohobation, it sublimed the Tincture

Tincture of Gold with it ſelf in the Neck of the Retort; this Tincture I mixed with Silver, precipited in the vulgar manner, and I ſaw, that one ounce of the ſublimed Tincture of Gold, with ordinary Flux in a Crucible, had tranſmuted one ounce, and halfe of the two ounces of precipitate Silver, into the beſt Gold: but a third part of the Silver yet remaining, was a white and fixed Gold: the other two parts thereof were perfect Silver, fixed in every examen of Fire. This is my experience, after this time, we could never find the like *Aqua-fortis*. I *Helvetius* ſaw this Gold white, and without Tincture.

The ſame.

There is yet one other Example very rare; of what was done at the *Hague* by a Silver-ſmith, whoſe name was *Grill*: how he, in the year

year 1664. by Spirit of Salt, not prepared in the Vulgar manner, tranſmuted Lead ſo, as from one pound, he received three parts of the beſt Silver, and two ounces of moſt fixed Gold.

At the *Hague*, a certain Silverſmith, and a much exerciſed Diſciple of Alchimy, but according to the nature of Alchimy, a very poor man; did ſometime ſince require Spirit of Salt, not vulgarly prepared, of a loving Friend of Mine, a Cloath-Dyer, by name, *John Caſparus Knottnerus*. My Friend giving the ſame to him; demanded, whether he would uſe that Spirit of Salt, he now had, for Metals, or not? *Grill* made anſwer; for Metalls. And accordingly he afterward powred this Spirit of Salt, upon Lead, which he had put into a Glaſs Diſh, uſual for Conditures, and Confections. The ſpace of two Weeks

Weeks being elapſed, ſupernatant on the Spirit of Salt, appeared a moſt ſpendid Silver-Starre, ſo exceeding curious, as if it had been made with an Inſtrument by a moſt ingenious Artiſt. At the ſight of which, the ſaid *Grill*, filled with Exceeding Joy, ſignified to us, that he had ſeen the Signate Star of Philoſophers, touching which he had read in *Baſilius*, as he thought. I, and many other honeſt Men, did behold this Star ſupernatant on the Spirit of Salt, the Lead in the mean while remaining in the bottom of an aſh-colour, and ſwollen like a Sponge. But in the ſpace of ſeven or nine dayes, that humidity of the Spirit of Salt, being abſumed by the exceeding heat of the Aire, in *July*, did vaniſh; but the Star ſettled down, and ſtill ſtood above that Earthly Spongeous Lead. That was a thing worthy of admiration,

ration, and beheld by not a few Spectators. At length *Grill* himſelf, having taken part of Cinereous, or Aſh-like Lead, with the Star adhereing, cupellated in a Teſt, and found from one ounce of this Lead, twelve ounces of Cupellate Silver, and from theſe twelve ounces, he alſo had two ounces of the beſt Gold. And I *Helvetius* am able to ſhew ſome of this Spongeous Lead with part of the Star yet adhering, & beſides the pieces of the Star, the Silver and Gold made thereof. Which when this Subtile (and likewiſe Fooliſh) *Grill* underſtood, he would not be known to *Knottnerus*, whether he had uſed the Spirit of Salt, or not; but thenceforth attempted to learn of him the Art how to make it; yet ſome time being Elapſed, the worthy *Knottnerus*, had for got what Spirit of ſalt (for he was expert in va-

various kinds thereof) he had given him; not being able to call the ſame to mind ſo ſuddenly: in the mean while, he and his Family were viſited with the Peſtilence and dyed: the other falling into the Water was drowned. After the death of theſe two, none could find out the way of either of their Operations.

Certainly here is cauſe of Admiration, that the Internal Nature of Lead, by the ſimple maturation of Spirit of Salt, ſhould appear in an external form ſo noble. No leſs admirable and wonderful to the mind is this, *viz.* that the mirifick Stone of *Philoſophers* can ſo exceeding ſwiftly tranſmute Metals; having virtue potentially inſited in it ſelf, ſo as it is deduced into Art, as in Iron by contact of the Magnet. But touching Theſe enough for the Sons of Art.

Chap.

CHAP. III.

Since promiſes are ſo much the better eſteemed, by how much the ſooner they are fulfilled, I, without any dilation, immediately come to my promiſed Declaration of the following Hiſtory, which thus take.

AT the *Hague*, on the ſixth Calend of *January*, or the 27th. of *December*, in the year 1666, a certain man came to my Houſe in the Afternoon, to me indeed planely unknown, but endued with an honeſt gravity, and ſerious authority of Countenance, cloathed in a *Plebeick* Habit, like to ſome *Memnonite*: of a middle Stature, his Viſage ſomewhat long, with ſome Pock-holes here and there diſperſed: his Hairs were indeed very black, yet not curled, little or no

no hair on his Chin, and about three or four and fourty years of Age: his Countrey (as far as I am able to conjecture) is the *Septentrional Batavia*, vulgarly called *Nord-Holland.*

After ſalutations ended, this new Gueſt, with great Reverence, asked, whether he might have freedom to come to me; becauſe for the Pyrotechnick Art ſake, he could not, nor was he willing to paſs by the Door of my houſe; adding, that he had not only thought to have made uſe of ſome Friend to come to me, but had alſo read ſome of my little Treatiſes, eſpecially that, which I publiſhed, againſt *D. Digbies* Sympathetick Powder, in which I diſcovered my doubt of the true Philoſophick Myſtery. Therefore, this occaſion being taken, he asked me, whether I could believe, that place was given to ſuch a Myſtery in the

things

things of Nature, by the benefit of which a Phyſician might be able to cure all Diſeaſes univerſally, unleſs the Sick already had a defect either of the Lungs, or Liver, or of any like noble Member? To which I anſwered. Such a Remedy is exceeding neceſſary for a Phyſician, but no man knows what and how great are the Secrets yet hidden in Nature, nor did I ever in all my Life ſee ſuch an Adept Man, although I have read and peruſed many things, touching the verity of this thing, or Art, in the Writings of Philoſophers. I alſo enquired of him, whether he (ſpeaking of the Univerſal Medicine) were not a Phyſician? But he anſwering by denyal, profeſſed, that he was no other than a Melter of *Orichalcum*, and that in the Flower of his years, he had known many things, from his Friend, rare to the

the Sight, and especially the way of Extracting Medicinal *Arcanums* by the force of Fire, and that for this very cause, he was a Lover of this so noble Science of Medicine. Moreover, long after other discourses, touching Experiments in Metals, made by the violence of Fire, *Elias* the *Artist* spake to me thus; Do not you know the Highest Secret, when it is offered to your sight, *viz.* the Stone of Philosophers, you having read in the Writings of many Chymists most excellent, touching the Substance, Colour, and strange effect of the same? I answered, not at all; except what I have read in *Paracelsus*, *Helmont*, *Basilius*, *Sandivogius*, and like Books of Adept Philosophers extant. Nevertheless, I think, I am not able to know the Philosophick Matter, whether it be true, or not, although I should see it present before me.

Whilst

Whilſt I was ſpeaking thus, he pulled out of his Pocket an Ivory Box, in which he had three ponderous Fragments, in magnitude ſcarcely equalizing a ſmall Walnut; theſe were Glaſs-like, of the colour of pale Sulphur, to which the Interior Scales of that Crucible did adhere, in which this moſt noble Subſtance was liquified, for I ſuppoſe the Value of it might equalize twenty Tun of Gold. But after I had plighted my Faith, I held that κειμήλιον [or pretious Treaſure] of this *Stone*, within theſe my hands, for almoſt a quarter of an hour, and from the Philoſophick Mouth of the Owner, I heard many things worthy of note, touching the Wonderful Effect of the ſame, for humane and Metallick bodies. Indeed, I, with a ſad and afflictedly afflicted Mind, reſtored this Treaſure of Treaſures to him, the Lord

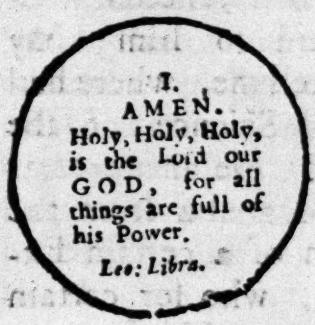
and Poſſeſſor, who gave the ſame into my hand for a very ſhort ſpace of time; and yet I did that (after the manner of Men overcoming themſelves) not without the greateſt action of thanks, as was fit in ſuch a Caſe. Afterward I asked him, how it came to paſs, (ſince I had otherwiſe read, that the *Stones* of *Philoſophers* were endowed with a Rubinate, or Purple Colour) that this his *Philoſophick Stone* was tinged with a Sulphureous Colour? He anſwered me thus: O Sir, this is nothing to the purpoſe: for the Matter is Sufficiently mature. Moreover, when I entreated him, that he would give to me, for a perpetual remembrance, one ſmall part of the Medicine included in his Box, although no more in bulk than a Coriander-Seed; he denied, anſwering: O no! For this is not law-

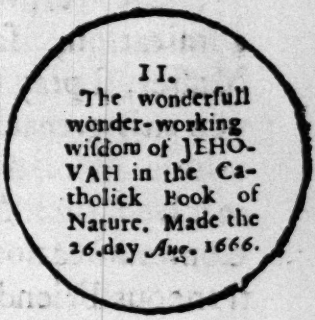
lawful for me to do, although you would give me this whole Roome full of Gold in Duckets; and that not by reaſon of the price of the Matter, but by reaſon of another certain Conſequence. Yea, ſurely, if it were poſſible, that Fire could be burned with Fire, I would ſooner caſt this whole Subſtance into the devouring Flames of *Vulcan*, before your Eyes. A little after this, he alſo asked me, whether I had not another Room, the Windows of which were not to the Street-ſide; I preſently brought this Phænix, or Bird moſt rare to be ſeen in this Land, into my beſt furniſhed Chamber; yet he, at his Entrance (as the manner of *Hollanders* is, in their Countryes) did not ſhake off his Shooes, which were dropping wet with Snow. I indeed, at that very time, thus thought: perhaps he will provide,

or hath in readineſs ſome Treaſure for me; but he daſh'd my hope all to pieces. For he immediatey asked of me a piece of the beſt Cold-mony; and in the mean while layed off his Cloak, and Country Coat; alſo he opened his Boſom, and under his Shirt he wore in green Silk, five great Golden Pendants, round, filling up the magnitude of the Interior Space of an Orb of Tin. Where, in comparing theſe, in reſpect of Colour and Flexibility, the difference between his Gold, and mine, was exceeding great. On theſe Pendants he had inſcribed with an Iron Inſtrument, the following Words, which, at my requeſt, he gave leave I ſhould coppy out.

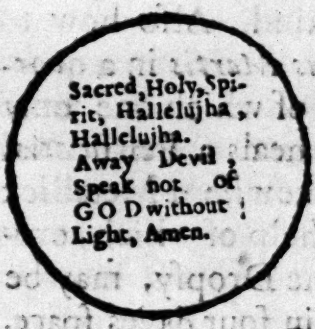
The form of the Pendants, and Words engraven thereon, are as follows.

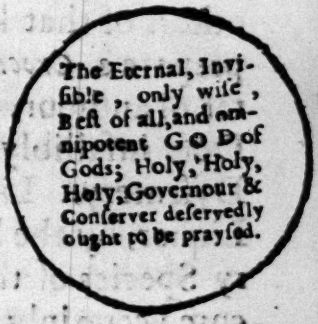
More-


I.
AMEN.
Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord our GOD, for all things are full of his Power.
Leo: Libra.


II.
The wonderfull wonder-working wisdom of JEHOVAH in the Catholick Book of Nature. Made the 26. day Aug. 1666.

The wonderfull GOD, Nature, and the Spagyrick Art, make nothing in vain.


Sacred, Holy, Spirit, Hallelujha, Hallelujha.
Away Devil, Speak not of GOD without Light, Amen.


The Eternal, Invisible, only wise, Best of all, and omnipotent GOD of Gods; Holy, Holy, Holy, Governour & Conserver deservedly ought to be prayed.

Moreover, when I, affected with admiration, ſaid to him; My Maſter, I pray tell me, where had you this greateſt Science of the whole World? He anſwered, I received ſuch Magnalia from the Communication of a certain Extraneous Friend, who for certain dayes lodged in my Houſe, profeſſing, that he was a Lover of Art, and came to teach me various Arts; *viz.* how, beſides the aforeſaid, of Stones, and Cryſtal, moſt beautiful precious Stones are made much more fair than Rubies, Chryſolites, Saphires, and others of that kind. Alſo how to prepare a *Crocus Martis* in a quarter of an hour, of which one only Doſe infallibly heals a Peſtilential Dyſentery. Likewiſe a Metallick Liquor, by the help of which, every Species of the Dropſy, may be cured certainly in four dayes ſpace.

Alſo

Alſo a certain Limpid Water, more ſweet, than Hony, by the help of which, I can extract the Tincture of Granates, Corals, and of all Glaſſes blown by Artificers, in the ſpace of two hours in hot ſand only. Many other things like to theſe he told me, which I neither well obſerved, nor committed to memory; becauſe my intention was carryed further, *viz.* to learn the Art of preſsing that ſo noble juice out of Metals for Metals; but the Shadow in Waters deceived the Dog of his piece of Fleſh, which was ſubſtantial. Moreover, this *Artiſt* told me, that his Maſter, who taught him this Art, bad him bring a Glaſs full of Rain water, with which he mixed a very ſmall quantity of a moſt white pouder; commanding me (here the Diſciple of that Maſter proceeds in his Diſcourſe) to go to the Sil-

ver-Smith, for one ounce of Cupellate Silver, laminate, [or beat very thin,] which Silver was diſſolved in a quarter of an hour, as Ice in hot water. Then he preſently gave to me one half of this potion, by himſelf ſo ſpeedily made, to drink; which in my mouth taſted as ſweet Milk, and I thence became very cheerfull.

He having related theſe things, I ceaſed not to enquire of him, to what end he had inſtanced this? Whether the Potion was Philoſophick? To this, he anſwered, *You muſt not be ſo curious.*

Afterward, he told me, how he, by the command of that Laudable Artiſt his Maſter, took a piece of the Leaden-gutter of his houſe, and when the Lead was melted in a new Crucible, the ſaid Artiſt drew out of his pocket a Casket full of Sulphureous Powder, of which,

which, he took a very ſmall part upon the point of a knife, once, and again, and injected the ſame upon the Lead in Flux; preſently giving order, that the fire ſhould be blown with two pair of Bellows ſtrongly, for exciting the heat more vehemently; a little after, he powred out of the Crucible, moſt pure Gold, upon the Red ſtones, which were in the Kitchen.

I (ſaid this moſt pleaſing diſcourſer to me) did commodiouſly behold this verity of the Tranſmutation of Metals, but was ſo aſtoniſhed with fear and admiration, that I was ſcarcely able to ſpeak one word. But my Maſter heartning me, ſaid, Cheer up, and be contented: take for your ſelf a ſixteenth part of this Maſs, which keep for a *Memorandum*; but the other fifteen parts diſtribute to the Poor: and I did as he ſaid.

For, (if my memory deceive me not) he bestowed this exceeding great Alms, on the *Sparyendamen-Church*; but whether he gave it at distinct times, or not, or whether he told it down in the Substance of Gold, or of Silver, I asked him not.

And at length (saith he, speaking of his Master) he directly taught me this great divine Art.

Therefore, the Narration of all these things being ended, I most humbly entreated him, that he would shew me the effect of Transmutation upon impure Metals, that I thence might have the better assurance of those things by him related to me, and my Faith being confirmed, securely give credit to the real Truth of the matter. But he very discreetly gave me the repulse; yet taking his leave of me, he promised to return again

after

after three Weeks, and then ſhew to me certain curious Arts by Fire, as alſo the way of projecting; making this Proviſoe, if it ſhould then be lawful for him. The three Weeks being elapſed, according to his word, he came to my Houſe, and invited me to walk abroad with him for one hour, or two, as we both did, having in that Time certain Diſcourſes of the Secrets of Nature in the Fire, but in the mean while, this well ſpoken Companion in the way, was not laviſh, but rather too ſparing of his words, touching the great Secret; affirming, that this ſingular Myſtery tended not, but to the alone magnifying of the moſt illuſtrious Fame of the moſt glorious *God*; and that very few men conſidered, how they might condignly Sacrifice themſelves by their Works, to ſo great a *God*; utter-

uttering these Expressions no otherwise, then as if he had been a Pastor of the Church. But I, in the mean time, fayled not to solicit him, to demonstrate to me the Transmutation of Metals. Moreover, I beseeched and intreated him, to vouchsafe to eat with me, and to lodge in my house, urging him with such Earnestness, as no Rival, or Lover, could ever use more perswasive Words, for winning his beloved to a willingness of gratifying him above all others: but he, agitated by a Spirit of so great constancy, made void all I endeavoured. Nevertheless, I could not choose but speak to him thus; Sir, You see I have a very convenient Laboratory, in which you may shew me the Metallick Transmutation. For, whosoever assents to him, that asketh, obligeth himself to him. It is true, (answered

ſwered he) but I made a promiſe to you of imparting ſome things, with this Exception, if at my Return, I be not interdicted, but have leave to do the ſame.

All, and every of theſe, my requeſts, being in vain, I inſtantly, and earneſtly beſought him, that (if he would not, or by reaſon of the Heavenly Interdiction could not demonſtrate what I asked) he would only give me ſo much of his Treaſure, as would be ſufficient for tranſmuting four grains of Lead into Gold. At this my requeſt, he, after a little while, pouring forth a Flood of Philoſophick Mercy, gave a ſmall particle, as big as a Rape-Seed, ſaying: Take of the greateſt Treaſure of the World, which very few great Kings, or Princes could ever ſee. But I, ſaying; my Maſter, this ſo ſmall particle perhaps will not be ſufficient

for.

for tinging four granes of Lead. He anſwered; Give it me. I accordingly gave it him, conceiving good hope of receiving ſomewhat a greater particle inſtead thereof; but he breaking off the one half almoſt of it, with his thumb-nayl, threw it into the fire, and wrapping the other up in blew paper, he gave to me, ſaying, *It is yet ſufficient for thee.* To which, I with a ſad Countenance, and perplexed Mind, anſwered: Ah Sir! What mean you by this? Before I doubted, and now I cannot believe, that ſo ſmall a quantity of this Medicine will ſuffice for tranſmuting four grains of Lead. O, ſaid he, if you cannot rightly handle your Lead in the Crucible, by reaſon of the ſo very ſmall quantity thereof; then take two drams, or half an ounce, or a little more of the Lead, for more muſt not be

tinged

tinged, then well may. To him I again ſaid: I cannot eaſily believe this, *viz.* that ſo little of the Tincture, will tranſmute ſo great a quantity of Lead into Gold. But he anſwered; what I ſay is true. In the mean while, I, giving him great thanks, incloſed my diminiſhed, and in the Superlative degree concentrated Treaſure, in my own Casket, ſaying: *To morrow I will make this Tryal; and give no notice to any Man thereof, as long as I live.* Not ſo, not ſo, anſwered he, but all things, which tend to the Glory of *God* Omnipotent, ought by us ſingularly to be declared to the Sons of Art, that we may live Theoſophically, and not at all dye Sophiſtically.

Then I confeſſed to him; that when I held the Maſs of his Medicine in my own hand, in that ſhort ſpace of time, I attempted

to

to raze ſomething there-from with my Finger Nayl, but I got no more, than a certain inviſible Atome; and, when I had cleanſed my nayl, and had injected the collected matter, wrapt in paper, upon Lead in Flux, I could ſee no tranſmutation of it into Gold; but almoſt the whole Maſs of Lead vaniſhed into Aire, and the remaining Subſtance was tranſmuted into a Glaſſy-Earth. At the hearing of this, he ſmiling, ſay'd: You could more dexterouſly play the Thief, than apply the Tincture. I wonder, that you, ſo expert in the Fire, do no better underſtand the fuming Nature of Lead. For if you had wrapped your Theft in yellow Wax, that it might have been conſerved from the Fume of Lead, then it would ſo have penetrated into the Dead, as to have tranſmuted the ſame into Gold. But now a Sympathe-

tick

tick Operation was performed in Fume, and ſo the Medicine permixed with the Fume, flew away: For all Gold, Silver, Tin, Mercury, and like Metals, are corrupted by Lead Vapours, and likewiſe converted to a brittle Glaſs. While he was thus ſpeaking, I ſhewed him my Cruſible, who, viewing the remaining Subſtance, perceived a moſt beautiful Saffron-coloured Tincture, adhering to the ſides of the Crucible, and ſay'd, To-morrow at nine of the Clock, I will return, and ſhew you, how your Medicine muſt be uſed to tranſmute Lead into Gold. In which promiſe of him, I reſted ſecure. Yet, in the mean while, I again and again requeſted information of him, whether this Philoſophick Work, required great Charges in the preparing, and a very long Time.

O my Friend, answered he, you very accuratly affect to know all things; yet I will open this to you; The Charge is not great, nor is the Time long. But, as touching the matter of which our Arcanum is made, I would have you to know; there are *only two Metals and Minerals*, of which it is prepared. And because the Sulphur of Philosophers is more abundant in these Minerals, therefore it is made of them.

Then I again asked him: What the Menstruum was, and whether the Operations were made in Glasses, or in Crusibles. He answered: The Menstruum is a Celestial Salt, or a Salt of Celestial Virtue, by the benefit of which, Philosophers only dissolve the Terrene Metallick Body, and in dissolving, the noble Elixir of Philosophers is produced. But the Operation is

performed in a Crucible, from the beginning to the end, in an open Fire. And the whole Work may be begun, and plainly ended in no longer time, then four dayes: Alſo in this whole Work, no greater Coſt is required, then the value of three Florens. Laſtly he added; Neither the Mineral, from Which, nor the Salt by Which, is of any great Price. I again ſaid to him: My Maſter; This is ſtrange, for it is repugnant to the ſayings of various Philoſopers, who have writ, that at leaſt ſeven, or nine Moneths are imployed in this Work. He anſwered: The true writings of Philoſophers are only underſtood by the truly Adept. Therefore, touching the Time, they would write nothing certain; yea, I ſay, no Lover of this Art, can find the Art of preparing this Myſtery in his whole Life, without

out the Communication of ſome true Adept Man. In this reſpect, and for this Cauſe, I adviſe you, my Friend, becauſe you have ſeen the true Matter of the true Work, not to forget your ſelf, and thirſting after the perfection of this Art, to caſt away your own Goods; for you can never find it out. Then I ſay'd: My Maſter, although I am ſo unknown to you, as you are unknown to me; nevertheleſs, ſince he was unknown to you, who ſhewed you the way of finding out the Operation of this *Arcanum*, perhaps you may alſo, if you be willing, notifie to me ſomewhat, touching this *Secret*, that the moſt difficult Rudiments being overcome, I may (as the ſaying is) *happily add ſomewhat to things already found out*; for by the occaſion of one thing found, another is not difficultly invented. But

the

the *Artiſt* anſwered: In this Work the matter is not ſo. For unleſs you know the thing, from the beginning of the Work to the end, you know nothing thereof. Indeed I have told you enough, yet you are ignorant how the Stone of Philoſophers is made, and again, how the Glaſſy Seal of *Hermes* is broaken, in which *Sol* gives forth Splendor from his Metallick Rayes, wonderfully coloured, and in which *Speculum*, the Eyes of *Narciſſus* behold Metals tranſmutable, and from which Rayes the Adept gather their fire, by the help of which, Volatile Metals are fixed into moſt fixed Gold, or Silver. But enough for this time, becauſe (*God* willing) on the Morrow, we ſhall have occaſion of meeting yet once more, that we may talk together touching this Philoſophick matter; and according as I ſaid, at

nine

nine a Clock, I will come to your Houſe, and ſhew you the way of Projecting. But with that happy Valediction for one night, that *Elias* the *Artiſt* hath left me moſt ſad in expectation unto this very day. Yea, the *Mercury* of Philoſophers did with him vaniſh into Aire; becauſe from him I did no more again hear ſo much as one word. Yet he, (becauſe he promiſed that he would come again to me betimes the next morning) half an hour before ten, ſent to me another unknown man, ſignifying, that, that friend, who yeſternight promiſed to re-viſit me this morning, by reaſon of other urgent buſineſs, could not come, nevertheleſs, at three of the Clock in the afternoon, he would again ſee me. But after I had, with a moſt vehement deſire expected him, till almoſt eight a Clock, I

began

began to doubt in the truth of the matter. Beſides, my Wife alſo, a very curious Searcher in the Art of that Laudable man, came to me, troubling me, by reaſon of the Philoſophick Art, cited in that aforeſaid Severe, and Honeſt man; ſaying, Go to, let us try, I pray thee, the Verity of the work, according to what that man ſaid. For otherwiſe, I certainly ſhall not ſleep all this night. But I anſwered; I pray let us deferr it till to morrow; perhaps the man will come then. Nevertheleſs, when I had ordered my Son to kindle the fire; theſe thoughts aroſe in me; That man indeed, otherwiſe in his diſcourſes ſo Divine, is now found the firſt time guilty of a Lye. A ſecond time, when I would make Experiment of my Stollen Matter hid under my Nayl, but to no purpoſe, becauſe the Lead was not

tranſ-

tranſmuted into Gold. Laſtly, a third time, he gave me ſo very little of the Matter, for tinging ſo great a Maſs of Lead; that he almoſt drove me to Deſperation. Notwithſtanding theſe thoughts, I commanded yellow Wax to be brought, wherein to wrap the Matter, and finding Lead, I cut off half an Ounce, or ſix Drachmes. My Wife wrapped the Matter of the Stone in the Wax, and when the Lead was in Flux, ſhe caſt in that little Maſs, which, with Hiſſing and Flatuoſity, ſo perfor-med its Operation in the Crucible well cloſed, as in one quarter of an hour, the whole Maſs of Lead was tranſmuted into the beſt Gold. Certainly, had I lived in the Age of *Ovid*, I could not have believed, any *Metamorphoſis* more rare, than this of the Chimical Art; but if I could behold things with

with the hundred Eyes of *Argus*, I ſhould ſcarcely ſee any work of Nature more admirable. For this Lead, mixt with the Stone of the Wiſe, and in the Fire melted, demonſtrated to us a moſt beautiful colour, yea, I ſay, it was moſt green; but when I poured it out into a [Cone, or] fuſory Cup, it received a colour like blood, and when it waxed cold, ſhined with the colour of the beſt Gold: I, and all who were preſent with me, being amazed, made what haſte we could with the Aurificate Lead (even before it was through cold) to a Gold-Smith, who after a precious Examen, judged it to be Gold moſt excellent, and that in the whole world, better could not be found; withall, adding, that for every Ounce of ſuch Gold, he would give 50 Florens.

The next day, the rumour of

this wonderful Metallick Transmutation was spread all over our *Hague*; whence many illustrious men, and lovers of Art, made haft to me, among which, by name, the General Examiner of the Moneys of this Province of *Holland*, Dn. *Porelius*, came to me, with certain other most illustrious men, earnestly desiring, that I would communicate to them some small particle of my Artificial Gold, to prove it by legitimate Examens: these, for their curiosity sake, I willingly gratified; and we went together to the house of a certain very curious Silver-Smith, by name *Brechtelius*, in whose Workhouse, the Excellency of my Gold was evidenced, by that form of Probation, which Skilful Artists call *Quarta*, *viz.* when they in a Crucible melt three or four parts or Silver, with one part of Gold,

and

and then by hammering, reduce that mixture into thin Plates, on which they pour a ſufficient quantity of Aquafortis, by which the Silver is diſſolved, but the Gold ſettles to the bottome, like a black powder. Afterward, the Aquafortis is poured off, and the golden powder, is again put into a Crucible, and by ſtrong fire reduced to Gold.

But when this work was ended, we ſuppoſed, that one half of the Gold was vaniſhed, yet in very deed it was not ſo: for we found that the Gold, beſides its own weight, had tranſmuted ſome part of the Silver into Gold, *viz.* two drams of the Gold, tranſmuted two ſcruples of the Silver (through the abundance of its Tincture) into like Gold Homogeneal to it ſelf.

After this, we, ſuſpecting that

the Silver was not well ſeparated from the Gold, did preſently make a mixture with ſeven times as much Antimony. And after this Examen, we loſt eight grains of Gold; but when I had again evaporated the Antimony, I found nine grains of Gold, yet in colour ſomewhat pale. Thus, in the beſt Tryal of Fire, we loſt nothing of this Gold, And this infallible kind of Probation, I thrice performed in preſence of thoſe moſt noble and illuſtrious Men, and found, that every Dram of Gold acquired from the Silver for an augmentation to it ſelf, one Sruple of Gold: and the Silver, is pure good, and very flexible. So, according to this, the five drams of Gold, attracted to its ſelf from the Silver, five Scruples; and (that I may together, and at once, compriſe all that remains to be ſaid) the whole weight which

that

that Laudable Powder, in quantity ſo exceeding ſmall, did transmute, was ſix drams, and two Scruples, of a more vile Metal, into Gold, in ſuch wiſe fixed, as it was able perſeveringly to ſuſtain the moſt intenſe Torture of Fire.

Behold! thus have I exactly, from firſt to laſt, commemorated this Hiſtory. The Gold I indeed have, but where, or in what Land or Countrey *Elias* the *Artiſt* is at this day hoſpited, I am wholly ignorant, for he told me, his purpoſe was to abide in his own Country no longer then this Summer; that after he would travil into *Aſia*, and viſit the *Holy-Land*. Let the moſt wiſe King of Heaven (under the Shadow of whoſe divine Wings he hath hitherto layn hid) by his Adminiſtratory Angels accompany him in his intended Journey, and proſper it ſo, as he

living to a great Age, may with his ineſtimable Talent greatly ſuccour the whole Republick of Chriſtians, and after this Life glorioufly behold, and partake of the prepared Inheritance of Life Eternal. *Amen.*

CHAP. IV.

THerefore, now to compleat my promiſe, I will forthwith betake my ſelf to the Dialogue or, Colloque between *Elias* the *Artiſt*, and me the *Phyſician.*

Elias the *Artiſt.*

God ſave you, Maſter *Helvetius*! If I may not be too troubleſome, I de-

desire to have the freedom of Discoursing with you for a little time, because I have heard, that you are a curious Indagator of natural things. For I have perused perused your Books, and among them, especially that whole Treatise, which you write against the effect of Sir *Kenelm Digbies* Sympathetick Powder, where it is gloried, that the same, can at distance cure all Wounds. Assuredly I am incredibly delighted in those things, which are beheld in this Speculum, whether Sympathetick, or Antipathetick, naturally implanted in Creatures. For the inexhausted Treasures of the Divine Light and Deity, no less abundantly, than liberally granted to us, may best of all be known from all the Creatures, which are produced either under the Ætherial Heaven, or in the belly of the Earth,

or in the Womb of the Sea, to the end, that by their potentially infited virtues, they ſhould reſtore health to the Mortal Body of Men.

Helvetius the *Phyſician.*

O Sir! The preſence of ſuch a new Gueſt ſhall never be troubleſome to me, but rather I receive you as one of my beſt Friends. For Philoſophick Diſcourſe, touching the Secrets of Nature, is the only recreation of my Mind, alſo it is ſuch convenient Salutiferous Nutriment, as no man can be worthy to taſte of, before he ſhall be rightly diſpoſed for that Banquet. Enter, I pray, Friend, into the Houſe.

Artiſt.

Indeed Sir! Here, as it ſeems to

to me, you have a compleat Vulcanian Shop, and perhaps all theſe things Spagyrically and exactly drawn from the Mineral Kingdom; but I pray, to what end ſo many Medicaments? I believe, that *God* in the things of Nature, naturally gives ſuch Medicines, with a very few of which, we may much ſooner, and more ſafely re-integrate the decayed, and languiſhing Health of Man, unleſs the Diſeaſe be Mortal, from a deficiency of Nature, or from the putrefaction of ſome noble internal part hurt, or by reaſon of a total abſumption of the radical humidity, in which deſperate Caſes, no Galenick Cure, or Paracelſick Tincture can yeild releif. But in ordinary Diſeaſes it is not ſo; and yet here, very many Men, before the fatal term of Life be expired,

(*abſit Nemeſis dicto*) are enforced to paſs out of this fair Kingdom of pleaſing Light, into the Shadowed Land of the Dead, whilſt, either they neglect the health of their own Body, or commit the ſame to the Faith of Phyſicians, unskilful of the Remedy they have in their hand.

Phyſician.

As far as I can gather from your diſcourſe, if my Judgement deceive me not, you are either a Phyſician, or a man expert in Chimiſtry. Certainly, according as you ſay, ſo I believe, that in the things of Nature are given other more excellent Medicaments, as alſo very many other Philoſophers affirm, that there is a certain (although to few known) Univerſal Medicament, by the benefit of which,

we

we may prolong Life unto the appointed End, cure all Diſeaſes otherwiſe uncurable, and many other ſuch things. But, where is any among all the Wiſeſt men of this world, that can ſhew us the way, how to find out ſo noble a Fountain, whence ſuch a wonderful Medicamentous juice, nobilitating the Phyſician, is drawn? Perhaps no one man.

Artiſt.

Indeed, I am not a Phyſician, but only a Melter of Orichalcum, and almoſt from my Child-hood, have exerciſed my Ingeny in Pyrotechny, and ſo have ſought out the internal Nature of Metals. And although I now ceaſe from my uſual diligence in elaborating ſome accurate work, by the Art of *Vulcan*, yet my mind ſtill takes delight

light in labours of that kind, and in the lovers of this moſt curious Spagyrick Art; and I do verily believe and judge, that the moſt wiſe *God*, will in this our Age communicate *gratis*, or for nothing, the Metallick Myſteries of Nature to his Spagyrick Sons, *Praying*, and Phyſico-chimically *Labouring*.

Phyſician.

My Friend, I muſt needs grant this, that *God*, for nothing, communicates to his Sons, this laudable *Good*, as well as all other gifts; yet you ſhall very rarely hear, that he for nothing gives or vends this Medicamentous Wine of *Nectar* to his Sons. For we certainly know, how great a number of Chymiſts lived in former ages, who (according to the Proverb) ſtrove to draw

draw water in a Sieve, whileſt they preſumed to prepare this Univerſal *Stone* of Philoſophers. Beſides, out of the books of them, who triumph in the glory of Adept, no one man can learn the way of preparing, nor know their Firſt Matter, ſo as any one, ſearching to the loweſt roots of Mountains, can never aſcend to thoſe their Heights, where *Ambroſia*, and *Nectar* of *Macroſophiſts*, is drank.

In the mean time, it is the part of a good Phyſician, ſince he wants ſuch an Univerſal *Elixir*, (not without the daily ſtudy of conſerving his Conſcience pure and ſound) to adhibit to the Diſeaſes of the Sick, commended to his Cure, ſuch Curations, or Remedies for reſtoring Sanity, as in which he (from the effect) certainly

tainly knows, that a virtue of healing is incited.

Wherefore, in all desperate Diseases, I, with many other Practitioners, do alwayes use such most simple Medicaments, that thence the Diseased may soon be restored to their Pristine state of Health, or to a better than the Pristine.

For indeed, various and diverse kinds of Salts, are generated in the Glandules and Lymphatick Vessels, after the putrefaction of this, or that nutriment taken, which afterward wax florid in various humours, for diverse Diseases, either Internal, or External. Experience teacheth, that as many as are the Constitutions, or Complexions of humane bodies, to so many diversities of Diseases the same are obnoxious; although in one manner, and the same Disease, as our daily conversation evidenceth

ceth to us in thoſe who drink Wine, whence divers Operations manifeſtly diſcover themſelves.

Becauſe *Peter* drinks Wine, he labours with an angry, I will not ſay, furious mind.

On the contrary, *Paul* drinking Wine, ſeems to imbibe his mind with an Agnine Timorouſneſs.

But *Matthias* ſings, and *Luke* weeps.

Alſo,

Touching the Scorbutick Contagious Venome, *viz.* of *Peter*, his radical juice in the Lymphatick Veſſels, and Glandules, is converted into an Acidity, ſtopping the paſſages, and all Organs of the whole body; whence, under the Skin, ariſe Spots on the Arms and Legs of a blewiſh colour, but in time of Peſtilence, they ſwell like Pepper Corns.

Alſo

Also,

The juice of *Pauls* parts is changed into an Aperitive Bitterneſs; whence, under the Skin of the Arms and Legs, ariſe red Spots, pricking like the bitings of Fleas; but in a Peſtilential time, they are Blanes.

Also,

The juice of *Matthias* his parts, is converted into a ſweetneſs eaſily putrifying; whence, under the Skin of Arms and Legs, ariſe watery Tumours, almoſt ſuch as are conſpicuous in Dropſical Perſons; but in time of the Peſt, they are Peſtilential Tumours.

Also,

Alſo,

The juice of the parts of *Luke*, is changed into a Saline, and drying ſharpneſs; whence, under the Skin of the Arms and Legs, ariſe Precipitations of the ordinary Ferment of the Fleſh, and Exſiccations, as uſually happens in this Atrophia, yea moſt frequently in the true Atrophia. But in the Peſt, they become moſt ardent Buboes, with madneſs, even until death.

Behold, my Friend, no Phyſician, by one only Univerſal Medicament, can heal the Evil of this Scorbutick, or Peſtilential, or Febrile Venome, but indeed, by the Mediation of ſome particular Vegetable, or Mineral Remedy, given to us from *God* in Nature, he may exterminate the ſame. For, as I cannot heal, or help all Scorbutick

butick Perſons, with one only Scorbutick Herb, as Scurvy-graſs, or Sorrel, or Fumitory, or Brook-lime; ſo, much leſs of a certain remedy made of theſe diverſe Species congeſted into one; becauſe, between the Herbs Scurvy-graſs and Sorrel, there is an Antipathy, as between Fire and Water; and ſo there is the ſame Antipathy between the Herbs Fumitory and Brook-lime.

Therefore, the Correctory of *Peters* Scorbutick Saline acid tinging Venome, is made with the Volatile bitter Salt of Scurvy-graſs.

But the Correctory of *Pauls* Scorbutick Saline bitter tinging Venome, is made with the acid fixed Salt of the Herb Sorrel.

The Correctory of *Matthias* his Scorbutick ſweetiſh, and moiſtning tinging Venome, is made by the help

help of the fixed bitter drying Sulphur of the Herb Fumitory.

And the Correctory of *Lukes* Scorbutick tinging Saline and drying Venome, is made with the help of the ſweet moiſtning *Mercury* of the Herb Brook-lime, or red Colewort, as from the External Signature of theſe Herbs, it is eaſie to judge of the Internal Specifick Remedy againſt theſe diverſe Scorbutick Diſeaſes. Certainly, my Friend, if this be obſerved by a prudent Phyſician, he muſt needs doubt of the Univerſal Medicine.

Artiſt.

All you have diſcourſed of, I can eaſily grant; yet very few Phyſicians uſe this Method of healing. Yet, in the mean while, it is not impoſsible, that an Univerſal

verſal Medicine ſhould be given in the higheſt Mineral Kingdome, by the benefit of which, we may perform and adminiſter all things, which are by you related to me, touching the loweſt Kingdom of Vegitables; but the moſt wiſe *God*, for ſeveral weighty reaſons, hath not on all Philoſophers promiſcuouſly conferred this moſt magnificent *Chariſma* of Supereminent Science, but hath revealed it only to a very few. According as all the Adept, with one mouth, confeſs, and ſay: *The Science is true, and the verity thereof not to be doubted.*

Phyſician.

Sir, beſides the above commemorated, there are alſo other Obſervations, ſtrenuoſly refuting the Operation of an Univerſal Medicine,

cine, partly in reſpect of the Age and ſtrength of Man, partly by reaſon of the Sex, and other Circumſtances, whilſt a difference is to be made between the tender, and the Robuſt, whether from Nature, or from Education; or between the Male and Female, or between a Young Man and a Virgin, or between the Beginning, Middle, or End of Diſeaſes; or it is to be underſtood, whether a Diſeaſe be inveterate, or the Sick be lately invaded; or laſtly, whether the Ferment be promoted in this Diſeaſe, or be precipited in in another. Efferveſcency is made either in the Stomach, or in the Inteſtines. Aſſuredly, there are many contradictions of the Wonderful effect of the Univerſal Medicine. For the greateſt part of rational Phyſicians want the Perſpicil of *Thomas Didymus* in their Fingers. *Artiſt.*

Artist.

Indeed, Sir; you have philoſophiſed rightly, and well, yea, Arthodoxly, againſt the univerſal Medicament, according to that notorious, and far-ſpred proverb. *As many Heads, ſo many Senſes.* For as Sweet ſounding Muſick delights not the Ears of every *Midas*; nor doth the Same Hiſtory related pleaſe all Hiſtorians; nor of Bread and Wine, of the ſame Taſte, is there a like reliſh in all Palats. So alſo the judgements of Skilful Men do ſtrangely differ, touching the wonderful Effect of this Univerſal Medicine, on Humane and Metallick Bodies. For this Univerſal Medicine, in its way of Operating, vaſtly differs from a particular Medicine, which may in ſome ſence be called Univerſal,

as

as the Herb *Scurvy-graſs*, curing every Scorbutick, marked with blew Spots; or *Sorrel*, healing every Scurvy, noted with red Spots; or *Brook-lime*, healing an Atrophia of that Kind, or *Famitory* remedying Tumors of that Kind: and that eſpecially with ſuch Phyſicians, with whom the Obſervation you before recited, is of any eſteem. Moreover, there is an exceeding great difference between the Univerſal Medicine of Philoſophers, refreſhing the vital Spirits, and between a Particular Medicament of Proletary-Curation, with which is corrected the Venom of Humors; *viz.* ſuch as boyles up againſt Nature, in this Man, Acid; in that Man, the Bitter is predominant; in one, what is Saline, in another, what is ſharp, grows potent. But, if theſe Corrupt humors be not without all delay preſently expelled

led out of the Body, by the ordinary Emunctories of Nature, either by the Belly, or by Urine of the Bladder, or by the Sweat through the Pores, or by the Spittle of the Mouth, or by the Noſtrils, aſſuredly the corruption of one, becomes the Generation of another, *viz.* of a Diſeaſe. For, from every ſpark, if we do not timely extinguiſh it, an exceding great burning will ariſe. Alſo, if there be a defect of the Vital Spirits, it is impoſſiible to effect this. Therefore the only care of a Conſciencious Phiſician ſhould be, how to deduce the motion of the Vital Spirits to a digeſtible natural Heat, and that is beſt of all, and moſt ſecurely performe dby the Operation of our Univerſal Medicament, by which they are found to be notably recreated. For as ſoon as this more than perfect Medicine hath driven

driven the Morbifick Evil from the Seat it occupies, then immediately it infuſeth the loſt Sanity, and that only from the Harmony, or Sympathy it ſelf, which the Vital Spirits, and this Medicine, have mutually in themſelves. Wherefore, it, by the Adept, is called the Myſtery of Nature, and the Defenſive of old Age, againſt all Diſeaſes. Which, I ſay, even in a moſt peſtilent Seaſon, moſt full of contagious Diſeaſes every where raging, makes of man a Salamander, bearing ſuch Epidemical Plagues of Heaven diſpleaſed, until the utmoſt term of his Life be expired.

Phyſician.

As far as I, beloved Friend, can underſtand, this Medicine makes not for the Emendation of depraved Humours, but is chiefly conducent

for the recreation of the Vital Spirits. Besides, among practical Chimists, this Secret is taught, *viz.* that by the Spayrick Art, it may be commonstrated, how the pure should be separated from the impure; and by the same, how the Immature are rendred mature, and how the Bitter are corrected into souriſh, and the sourish into Sweet, and the Sharp into Gentle, and the Gentle into Sharp; and the Acid into Sweet, and the Sweet into Acid. Also this Laudable Medicine of Philosophers, according to my understanding, cannot prolong Life, beyond the term prefixed from above, but only preserve from the Effect of all Venimous, or otherwise mortiferous Diseases: and so it is certainly true, as is commonly believed, that the prolongation of Humane Life depends on the Will of the Om-

Omnipotent *God* only. But, omitting theſe, I would here ask this one Queſtion. Whether by the uſe of this Univerſal Medicine, the priſtine Nature of Man may be converted into New, ſo as a Slothful Man may degenerate into a Diligent, or ſtirring Man, and a Man, who before was by Nature Melancholy and Sad, afterward become Jovial, Chearful, and full of Joy, or like alterations, reformations, permutations, or viciſſitudes happen in the Nature of Man?

Artiſt.

Not at all Sir. For ſo great power was never conferred on any Medicament, that it could change the Nature of Man. Wine inebriating, taken by diverſe individual Men, in him, who is drunk, changeth not his Nature, but only provokes,

and deduceth into act, what is naturally, and potentially in him, but before was as it were dead. Even ſo is the Operation of the Univerſal Medicine, which by recreation of the Vital Spirits, excites Sanity, for a time only ſuppreſſed, becauſe it was naturally in him before; even as the heat of the Sun changeth not Herbs, or Flowers, but only provokes the ſame, and from the proper potential natue of them, deduceth them into act only. For a Man of a Melancholy temper, is again raiſed up to exerciſe his own Melancholy matters; and the jovial Man, who was pleaſant, is recreated in all his chearful actions, and ſo conſequently, in all deſperate Diſeaſes it is a preſent, or moſt excellent Preſervative. Hence a Man, preſaging that ſome evil will befal him, will rather prevent, than be pre-

prevented. But if any prolongation of Life, by ſome Philoſophick Medicament, could have been induced, againſt rhe predeſtination of the Omnipotent *God*, undoubtedly neither *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, nor *Paracalſus*, nor *Raymund-lully*, nor the Count *Bernhard*, and many more like illuſtrious Poſſeſſors of this great *Myſtery*, would not have yeilded to the common death of all Mortals, but perhaps have protracted their Life until this very Day, Therefore, it would be the part of a fanatick, and ſoooliſh Man to affirm this, yea, of a moſt fooliſh Man, to believe, and aſſent to the ſame, touching any one Medicament in the things of Nature.

Phyſician.

My Friend, whatſoever you have

ſpoken no leſs regularly, than fundamentally, touching the Operation of the Univerſal Medicine, I, indeed cherefully, and willingly grant, but as long as I am ignorant of preparing the ſame rightly, I do no other than attempt to carry my Boat from a very ſmall Lake, into the Vaſt Ocean, becauſe it will certainly be driven back to the Shore, without any Fruit. For although many of thoſe illuſtrious Men have written ſomewhat touching that laudable preparation, yet they involved that in ſuch a Wrapper of ſhadowed Caution, as the Footſteps of them latently demonſtrated, can be known by few or none of the moſt diligent Readers, who ſhould follow them ſo far, as until they come where they would be. Alſo, who is ſo wealthy, and well informed, as to be able, and to know where to buy all

theſe

thoſe Books, in which, here, and there an Hypotheſis of this kind is handled: beſides, you may conſume the greateſt part of your Life, before you can gather thence any ſufficient knowledge, or the direct manual Operation. Therefore it is beſt for us to abide patiently in our Laboratory, praying to the bleſſed *God*, according to that Saying:

Ora, ac Labora; & Deus dat omni hora.
Labour, and Pray; God gives alway.

Artiſt.

You argue rightly enough Sir. For, from the writings of Philoſophers, this Art of Arts is moſt rarely learned; but the Senſe of them is very well, and clearely underſtood by the Manuduction of ſome

Adept Philoſopher. But let us hence paſs to the Tranſmutative Effect of this moſt noble Tincture, touching which, the poſſeſſors, or many of the Adept, have written many Books, and the moſt of their Genuine Diſciples, labouring much in the Fire, did at length compleatly attain to the wiſhed End of their *Arcanum*,

Phyſician.

I perceive your Maſterſhip takes pleaſure in paſſing from the uſe of the Medicine, to the infinite Tranſmutation of Metals. Although I could eaſily believe the poſſibility of Art, *viz.* that a Chymical Experiment of that kind was in the Adept, as I have alſo made mention above, touching that Experiment of Dr. *Kifflerus*, who, with the Tincture of one ounce of Gold,

tranſ-

transmuted 1 ounce & half of Silver into the best Gold, not to mention the Experiment of *Helmont*; nor of *Scotus*, which he made in the most famous Cities of *Colonia*, and *Hanovia*; nor much to insist on that illustrious, and well known Example, manifested at *Prague*, before *Cæsar Ferdinando* the third, himself; where with one only grain of the Tincture, three pounds of Mercury were transmuted into most noble Gold; insomuch that I am brought no less into a necessity, than into a Will of believing, that the Art may be true; yet I cannot to this hour sufficiently receive it without some doubt, because with these my Eyes, I never in all my Life saw the Man, who was the true possessor thereof.

Artist.

Sir, you ſay true? yet Art will be Art, whether you can believe it or no. Even as is ſeen in the Magnet. How it by its own inſited Sulphureous Virtue, of Iron, by Contact preſently makes a Magnet. Although you will not believe, that ſuch wonderful Operations are latent in it, yet they are, and will remain true. So alſo you ſhould judge of the Stone of Philoſophers, in which is all that the Wiſe ſeek. And beauſe the clouded Writings of them, can be underſtood, and explained but by very few, it is to be defired earneſtly by all, and with the hands it muſt be endavoured, that ſome one General Epitomen of the whole Art, may ſo be made, as in a very ſhort ſpace of time, and without much labour, all things

things neceſſary may be gathered, by the help of which, a moſt eaſy Tranſition to real Authors, might be effected. Now ſince you have preſented ſome few Examples, by which you endeavour to aſſert the confirmed poſſibility of the Matter; I my ſelf will here ſhew to you the True Matter of Secret Philoſophers. Behold it! Look well upon it.

Phyſician.

O my Maſter, Is this Sulphureous, and Yellow Glaſſy Subſtance the very Philoſophick Matter? And are you your ſelf the Poſſeſſor of this Science? I am ready to believe you do but jeſt with me. I pray Sir, tell me the Truth, whether it be really ſo, or not?

Artiſt.

Artiſt.

Yes, Maſter Doctor, You now have within your hand, the moſt pretious Treaſure in the World. For this is the true Stone of Philoſophers, than which, no Man ever had a better, nor ſhall have any other. And I my ſelf did elaborate the Compoſition, from beginning to end. If you have another convenient Chamber, I will Shew you Metal tranſmuted into Gold, by ſuch a Stone as this. (When I had brought him into another Chamber.) Behold (ſaid he) theſe five Pendants, were, by the benefit of this Philoſophick Tincture, prepared of Saturn, or Lead; which I wear for a perpetual Remembrance of my Maſter. But I ſuppoſe, you, having peruſed

uſed many Writings of the Adept, ſeeing the Subſtance, and Nature of this Stone, will very ſufficiently know the true Matter, or rightly underſtand the ſame.

Phyſician.

I underſtand by your ſelf, that you had a Maſter, from whom you rather learned your Art, than acquired the ſame, by your proper Labour and Invention. And although I now have ſeen that Subſtance, which you affirm to be the true Tincture of Philoſophers, as alſo thoſe five Pendants, nevertheleſs I am ſtill left ignorant, and in doubt, whether it be true or no. Therefore, I earneſtly again and again requeſt of you, to confer on me only ſo ſmall a part of that matter, as will ſuffice to tranſmute only

only four grains of Lead into Gold, that you may this way remove from me all Scruple or Doubt, and render me ſo much the more certain of the verity of the Matter. Give me but the magnitude of one grain only, or of a Coriander-ſeed, that thence a Specimen, or Probation, may be exhibited, either in ſome deſperate Diſeaſe, or in a Metallick Tranſmutation.

Artiſt.

I do confeſs, that a certain Man, of good Condition, to me wholly unknown, by demonſtrating taught me; Firſt, the poſſibility of tranſmutation; ſecondly the way of preparing alſo. And this is that Infallible Art, touching which you

you have no reaſon to doubt. But whereas, you requeſt that I ſhould give you one ſmall part of my Treaſure; that is no wiſe lawful for me to do, although you would give as a Recompence, ſo many Ducats, as this whole Room, from the bottom to the top, would contein; and that not by reaſon of the eſtimation of the Matter, becauſe it is of ſmall Price, but for another weighty Reaſon, in reſpect of which, if it were poſſible, that Fire could be conſumed by Fire, I would at this ti[illegible] rather caſt this whole Maſs into [illegible] devouring Flames, before you[illegible]. Wherefore, in the meanwhile, I admoniſh you, not to be ſo eager in coveting this ſo great Science. For you have this day ſeen more in my poſſeſſion, than many Kings, and Princes could ever behold, although

though they eagerly desired to see the same. Besides, I think of comming to you again, after 3 Weeks, then I will shew to you certain excellent Arts, and Manuductions in the Chymical Science. Also, if it shall then be lawful for me, to shew you the way of Transmutation, I will truely satisfie your Curiosity therein. In the mean while, I bid you farewel, withal, admonishing, that you take heed to your self, and meddle not with such a great, and profound Labour, least you miserably loose both your Fame, and substance in the Ashes, like some other covetous inquisitors, of the same most noble Art.

Physician.

Phyſician.

Now, what ſhall I do, my Maſter? If it happen, that, by reaſon of your Philoſophibk Oath, confirmed by that ſmall draught of Silver, diſſolved in Rain-water, it ſhall not be lawful for you to give me that requeſted exceeding ſmall part of the Tincture ſo wonderful. You cannot be ignorant, that I (according to your ſuſpicion) am in mind auxious, and earneſtlie deſirous of taſting of this ſo noble Science. Yea, I do verilie think, if *Adam* himſelf, the firſt Patriark of the World (who was once driven out of Paradice, for eating the Apple of either Wiſedom) were yet living in this our Age, he would not forbear again to Taſte of thisGolden Apple,from the Garden of Atlantis.

Prin-

Your Maſterſhip ſaid: Manie Princes could not ſee this which I have ſeen. I, indeed have ſeen the Matter, of which you give ſo rare a Teſtimony; but in the mean while I have not beheld the tranſmutative Effect; only I give credit to your Words. And, ſince you have told me, that you will go hence, and after three Weeks return to me again, to teach me ſome excellent Chymical Arts, as alſo the way of projection, if it ſhall then be lawful for you. In the fruition of this good hope, I at this time reſt ſatisfied; in the mean time, giving you hearty thanks, for your exceeding great Friendſhip ſhewed to me alreadie, and, for your ſingular Care, and faithful admonition, that I ſhould not in Chymical Labours, conſume both my Goods and Reputation. I aſſuredly have never

never yet made tryal of ſo great, and high things, nor ever will I attempt the ſame, unleſs your ſelf will firſt *gratis*, and from the pure benevolence of Friendship, demonſtrate to me, the way and manner of preparing. Yet I ſhall admire the Verity of Art, and pleaſe my ſelf with the Remembrance of the Friendship you have shewed me; becauſe you, who have revealed this to me, are an Adept Philoſopher.

But if any King, or Prince, or any Great Man, or Men, ſhould know, that you are the Poſſeſſor of this Art, and therefore (which *God* forbid) ſhould lay hold of you, and attempt by Tortures to bring you to a diſcovery, would you reveal this Art to them?

Artiſt.

Artist.

I have not ſhewed the Stone of Philoſophers to any man, except to one aged man, and to your ſelf; to both of you, I have revealed that I am the Poſſeſſor; but, henceforth, no man muſt ever ſee, or hear ſuch a thing. And although any King, or Prince, ſhould (which *God* I hope will not permit) caſt me into Priſon, I would not, after the manner of Circumforanean Phyſicians [or Mountebanks] of Vagabond Impoſtors, or of poor Alchimiſts, directly, or indirectly, diſcover the Art to them; but would rather ſuffer my ſelf to be moſt cruelly wracked, tortured, or tormented with burning Fire, untill my life expire.

Phy-

Phyſician.

Good Friend, are there not Authors, which, touching the verity of this Art, write more plainly, then all the number of them, which, concerning it, utter words ſo obſcure, as perhaps they themſelves did not underſtand, unleſs they adhibited the Commentaries, and Annotations of evident Paraphraſiſts. I ſuppoſe you have in times paſt read them, and therefore are beſt able to inform me, who were Adept.

Artiſt.

Maſter Doctor, I indeed read not, nor have I read many Books, yet among thoſe I have read, I find

find no Authors more curious, than *Sandivogius*, especially in that Book, which is Entituled *Cosmopolita*, in Dutch, *Borger Der Werelt.* Also Brother *Basilius* in in his twelve Keys. As to *Sandivogius*, this Author you may peruse, untill I return, as I said: for in his obscure words the truth is latent, even as our Tincture of Philosophers is both included, and retruded, in External Minerals, and Metallick Bodies.

Physician.

Sir, I give you thanks, for this so great friendship. I shall do according to your advice, and as to what you say, touching the Objects of the Tincture, I easily assent to, and grant; for I believe that the wonderful, and efficacious

ous Eſſences of Metals, are hid under the external Rinds and Shells of Bodies, although I find very few ſo well exerciſed, and experienced in the Fire, who know how to uncaſe the Kernel, according to the Rule of Art. Every External, and Robuſt Subſtance, of any Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral, is the Body, like unto that Terreſtrial Province, into which (as *Iſaac Holland* hath preſcribed) excellent Eſſences ſpiritually enter. Wherefore, it is needful, that the Sons of Art ſhould know, how by ſome Saline ſuitable Ferment, grateful to the Metallick Natture, they may ſubdue, diſſolve, ſeparate, and concentrate, not only the Magnetick Metallick virtue of Tinging, but alſo, how they may multiply the ſame in its own

Phi-

Philoſophick Homogeneal Golden, or Silvery-manner. For we ſee, that the bodies of all Creatures, are not only eaſily deſtroyed, but thenceforth alſo the Internals ceaſe to live, and haſten to the dark Shadowings, in which they were, before they, by the Creation of *God* the Creator, were brought to Light. But what Man will diſcover to us this Art in the Metallick Kingdom?

Artiſt.

You ſay well, and have rightly judged of the Natural Deſtruction of things, and if it ſhall be pleaſing to the moſt merciful *God*, to deal graciouſly with you, as he hath done with me; He, according to your good hope, will direct ſome one of the Adept, to demonſtrate

ſtrate to you the way of deſtroying Metals, and of collecting the Internal Souls of them. But, in the mean while, do you invoke the moſt Wiſe *God*, to whoſe Vigilant Eyes I commend you, which are always open upon his Sons, regenerated to him by Chriſt. Again Farewel, and reſt aſſured, I will be your Friend. I muſt at this time go hence, but I hope to ſee you again in good health, ere it be long.

Thus my new Friend took his Leave, and went away; leaving me, his Friend, moſt ſad for the ſpace of three Weeks, which being expired, according to his Word, he returned, and gave me the Tincture, as you may learn by the above-recited Hiſtory. After this, that Philoſophick

Man of *God* went from me, and I never more saw him, from that time, unto this very day, nor could I hear of him by any of the Carriers, or Posts, or by any of my Intimate Acquaintance.

Nevertheless, he left with me (as a Spurre) the acute Memory of him, reposited in my minde, as also the Opinion of *Paracelsus* affirming, that by Metals, of Metals, and with Metals, cleansed, Spiritual, and first depurated from their feculency, are made Metals, and the Living Gold, and Silver of Philosophers, as well for Humane, as for Metallick Bodies. Wherefore, if that Guest, my Friend of but little acquaintance, had exactly shewed to me, the way of preparing

paring this Celestial Spiritual Salt, by which, and with which, from Corporeal, and Earthly Substances, I might, as it were, in the Matrix of them, collect the Spiritual Rayes of *Sol*, or *Luna*: assuredly, He, from his own Light, would have enkindled in me so great a Light, as I should have seen, and understood how I ought in other Corporeal Metals, by Sympathy to transmute the Eternal Soul of them so, as by the help thereof, they had clarified, or transformed their own like body, either into Gold, or into Silver, according to the disposition of the Red Seed, into a Red Body, or according to the Nature of the White Seed, into a White Body. For *Elias* the *Artist* affirmed to me, that the Chalybs of *Sandivogius* is that true Mer-

curial Metallick Humidity, by the help of which, without any Corrosive, the Artist might, in an open Fire, and Crucible, separate the fixed Rayes of *Sol* or *Luna* from their own Body, and thenceforth make them Volatile and Mercurial, for the Dry Philosophick Tincture, as he demonstrated to me; and communicated somewhat relating to the transmutation of Metals. Indeed all men well skilled in the Chymical Science, have a necessity of assenting to me in this, *viz.* that *Pyrotechny* is the Mother, and Nurse of various noble Sciences and Arts. For they can easily judge from the Colours of the Chaos of Metals in the Fire, what Metallick body is therein. Even so dayly in the bowels of the Earth are procreated Metals, and perspi-

cuous Stones, from a proper noble vaporous Seed, from a Spiritual tinging Sulphureous Seed, in their diverſe Saline Matrixes. For the common Sulphur, whether of an impure, or pure Metal, whilſt conjoyned with its own body, mixt with Salt-Peter only, in the burning heat of Fire, is eaſily changed into a moſt hard, and moſt fixed Earth. But this Earth is thenceforth by the Aire eaſily changed into a moſt limpid Water: and this Water afterward, by a more ſtrong Fire, according to the Nature of the Metallick pure, or impure Sulphur mixt, is converted into Glaſs, admirably well tinged with various Colours. Almoſt in the very ſame manner, from the White of an Egge is generated a Chick by natural heat. So alſo from the

Seminal bond of Life of any one Metal, is made a new, and more noble Metal, by an heat of Fire convenient to the Saline Nature; although very few Chymists rightly and perfectly know, how the Internal, and alwayes moving Magnetick virtues, are distinguished according to the Harmony, or Disconsonancy of them. Whence we see, this Metal hath a Sympathy or Antipathy with another, so very singular, as is found in the Magnet with Iron, in Mercury with Gold, in Silver with Copper, a very remarkable Sympathy; but on the contrary, there is a notable Antipathy in Lead against Tin, in Iron against Gold, in Antimony against Silver, in Lead against Mercury. Infinite other like Sympathetick, and Antipathetick Annotations occurr in the

the Animal & Vegetable Kingdom; as you may read and find in various Authors, who have written of ſuch Curioſities, from the accurate, and abſolute Knowledge of which, the true Philoſophers, and Maſters of Nature had their beginning, and Eſteem.

Thus have I deſcribed, what I my ſelf have ſeen and done; and have cauſed the ſame to be printed for you, Candid Readers, out of mere Liberality, *gratis* communicating it, according to that of *Seneca*: I deſire in this to know ſomewhat, that I may teach others. *Si cum hac Exceptione detur Sapientia, ut illam incluſam teneam, abjiciam, &c.* But if any man doubt of the real truth of this matter, let

him only with a lively faith believe in his Crucified Jesus, that in Him, he (by the strict way of Regeneration) may become a New Creature; in the same let him fix the whole Anchor of his Faith, and likewise shew his φιλανθρωπίαν, or Love of Mankind, unto all his Neighbours, and especially exercise the works of Mercy, and Brotherly Love towards the needy Members of the Christian Religion, that at length, when the whole Course of his Life is justly, and holily finished, in that Fatal and Mortal hour, he may hence, through the Watery Ocean of this Tempestuous and Rocky World, arrive in safety at the most blessed Port of Eternal Rest, and sing the New Song with the Triumphing Philosophers of the Heavenly *Jerusalem*,

ruſalem, of which he hopes to partake, who is,

Your moſt faithful and
aſſured Friend

John Frederick Helvetius,

Doctor and Practitioner of Medicine at the *Hague*.

FINIS.